

ROCKY LANE

WESTERN

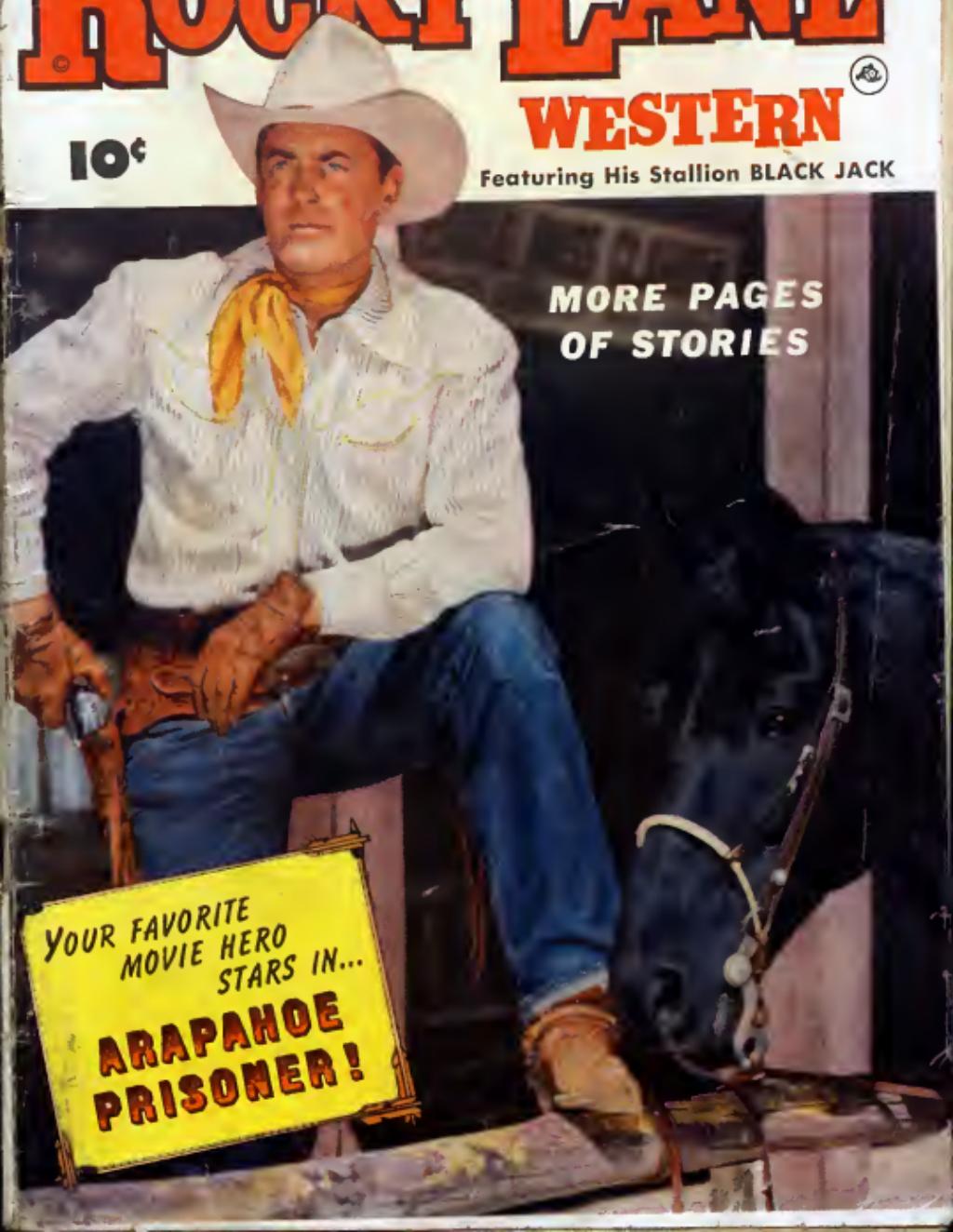
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Featuring His Stallion BLACK JACK

MORE PAGES
OF STORIES

YOUR FAVORITE
MOVIE HERO
STARS IN...

ARAPAHOE
PRISONER!





TRAIL DETECTIVE

By Clement Good



THE STAGE was making good time on the lonely stretch between Riverside and Arrowhead. Cap Wesley, the driver, had just remarked to the guard beside him, "At this rate we'll make Arrowhead a good fifteen-twenty minutes ahead of schedule!" The coach rocked and the springs squeaked as they rounded a bend.

And suddenly Cap was hauling on the break, tugging on the reins and bellowing "Whoah!" at the top of his voice. The lead horses reared to a halt just short of the tree that had been felled across the narrow road.

The unexpected braking had thrown the guard forward and off balance so that he nearly toppled from the box. He did manage to hang onto his gun, but he was in no position to use it when the taller of the three masked men yelled, "Reach! This is a stickup!"

Cap and the guard obeyed. "Throw down the money," ordered the tall bandit.

Cap lifted a small chest that had been riding behind him and tossed it to the ground. "Pick it up, Shorty," ordered the tall bandit. One of the men dismounted, picked up the box and clambered back on his horse while the other two kept the stage covered. Then the three-some rode off, heading for the hills.

Bud Snavely, secretary to Colonel Sherman, was at his desk in the outer office when the red-thatched stranger walked in.

"Howdy," said the stranger, grinning. "My name's Maxwell. Colonel Sherman sent for me."

"Are you Red Maxwell, the famous trail

detective?"

Maxwell chuckled. "Don't know about the famous part, but that's my handle and that's my business!"

"You're too modest," said Ben. "Your name strikes terror into every outlaw in the West. I'll tell Colonel Sherman you're here."

A moment later, Red Maxwell was ushered into the private office where he shook hands with Colonel Sherman, a white-haired man who wore a neatly trimmed goatee. "As owner of this stage line, I've just got to do something about these holdups," said the Colonel. "Yesterday was the fifth one in a matter of weeks and each time they got enough greenbacks to paper a ballroom!"

"Sounds like they know when your shipping money," observed the detective.

"You're dang tootin' they know," retorted the Colonel. "Somebody on the inside is giving them the tip-off all right."

"Suspect anyone in particular?"

"Hang it, I've got so I suspect dang near everybody. Naturally, we don't advertise that we're going to carry a bundle of loot on a certain run. But there's more'n a dozen people bound to know about it. Any one of them could be in cahoots with the robbers. Could be a driver, a guard, somebody at the bank, somebody in my office . . . Why it even could be me!"

"Is it?" asked Red, with a grin.

"No! I half wish it was. Then I'd get at least part of my money back."

"Well, that narrows the field a little," said

(Continued on inside back cover)



The following outstanding magazines are easily identified on their covers by the words A FAWCETT PUBLICATION.
 CAPT. MARVEL ADVENTURES • THE MARVEL FAMILY • LASH LARUE WESTERN • FUNNY ANIMALS • BATTLE STORIES
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Every effort is made to insure that these comic magazines contain the highest quality of wholesome entertainment.

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ARMY CAPTAIN JIM BERRY HATED THE ARAPAHOES WITH A CRUEL, RELENTLESS PASSION! ALL HE LONGED FOR WAS THE DAY HE WOULD LEAD HIS BLUE-COATED TROOPERS AGAINST THEM, PENNANTS FLYING AND GUNS THUNDERING! SECRET MARSHAL, ROCKY LANE KNEW THAT TO AVOID STARK TRAGEDY AND KEEP PEACE IN THE FRONTIER COUNTRY, HE HAD TO DISCOVER WHAT WAS EATING AT JIM BERRY'S HEART! HE HAD TO LEARN THE SECRET OF THE PRISONER OF THE ARAPAHOES...

LIFEBLOOD OF THE PRAIRIE INDIANS WERE THE BUFFALO HERDS THAT BLANKETED THE LAND---UNTIL THE WHITE MAN CAME!



WATCH THIS SHOOTING!

AND THIS! SLICKER THAN BUFFALO BILL AT HIS BEST! NICE GOING, GENTS! WE'LL SOON HAVE PLENTY OF STEAKS TO TAKE BACK TO FORT DANVILLE!

BANG! BANG!



BUT SUDDENLY! WHAT'S UP, STRANGER?



ROCKY LANE WESTERN

I'M ROCKY LANE ! DON'T YOU KNOW THAT THE WHITE FOLKS IN THIS TERRITORY HAVE MADE AN AGREEMENT WITH THE ARAPAHOES NOT TO SHOOT BUFFALO ANY MORE ? THEY DEPEND ON THE CRITTERS FOR FOOD ---AND THEY'LL RAISE A RUCKUS IF THEY FIND YOU'RE GUNNING THEM DOWN !



WE HEARD SOMETHING ABOUT THAT, ROCKY ! BUT WE'RE ACTING UNDER CAPTAIN JIM BERRY'S ORDERS !



THAT'S RIGHT ! YOU'D BETTER RIDE IN TO FORT DANVILLE AND TALK TO HIM !

CAPTAIN JIM BERRY, EH ? HE MUST BE THE NEW POST COMMANDER ! SEEMS TO ME I'VE HEARD THAT HE'S GOT A GRUDGE AGAINST INDIANS ! WELL, I'LL SOON FIND OUT ...



AT THE ARMY POST ...

YOU WANTED TO SEE ME, LANE ?

THAT'S RIGHT, CAPTAIN BERRY ! DID YOU KNOW THAT YOUR MEN ARE KILLING THE BUFFALO IN THESE PARTS --- SHOOTING THEM DOWN WHOLESALE ?



OF COURSE I KNEW IT ! IT'S TOO EXPENSIVE FOR US TO SHIP IN BEEF SO I ORDER THEM TO KILL BUFFALO !

BUT THERE'S BEEN AN UNOFFICIAL TREATY IN THESE PARTS FOR YEARS ! WE'VE PROMISED THE ARAPAHOES THAT WE WOULDN'T SHOOT BUFFALO !

INDIANS ! BAH ! LISTEN TO ME, LANE ! I WAS SENT TO THIS POST TO ROUND UP THE HURLEY RAIDERS --- A BUNCH OF LOCO OUTLAWS WHO'VE BEEN PLAYING HOB, SOUTH OF HERE ! THAT'S WHAT I'M GOING TO DO ! AND IF ANY FOOL INDIANS GET ROUGH ...

WHAM !



... I'LL WIPE THEM OUT ! ALL OF THEM ! BRAVES, SQUAWS AND PAPUSES ! I'LL SACK AND BURN THEIR VILLAGES ... AND THERE'LL BE NONE LEFT !

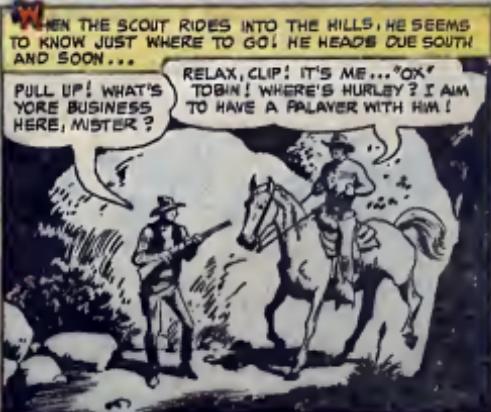
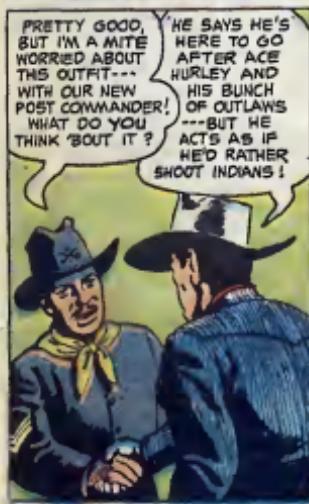


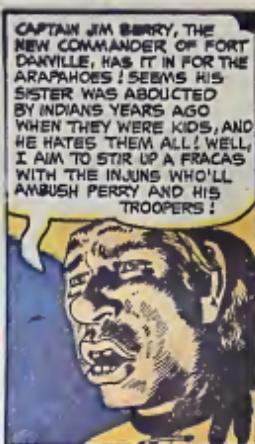
YOU SURE HATE THEM, DON'T YOU, CAPTAIN ? WHY ?

NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS, LANE ! BESIDES, I DON'T THINK THEY'LL FIGHT ! HOW ABOUT IT, TOBIN ?



ROCKY HAS HEARD OF THE WILD INDIAN SCOUT, "OX" TOBIN ! SURELY HE WOULD KNOW THE DANGER !



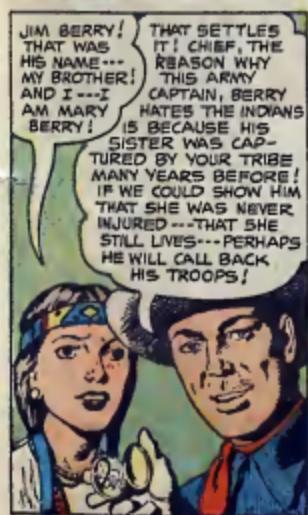


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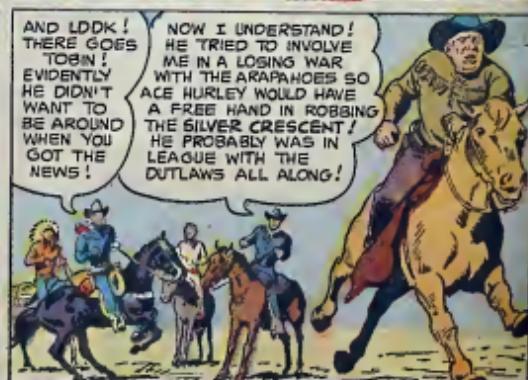
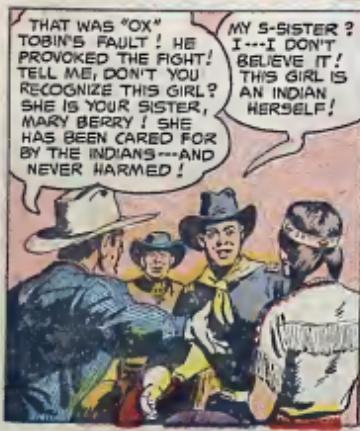


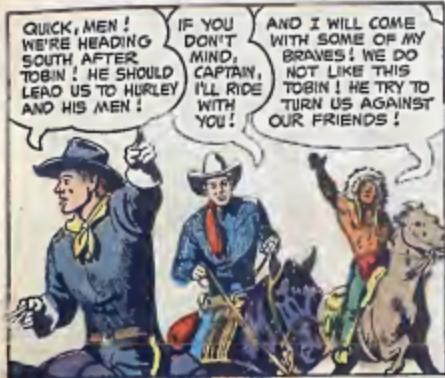
ROCKY LANE WESTERN





ROCKY LANE WESTERN





ROCKY LANE WESTERN



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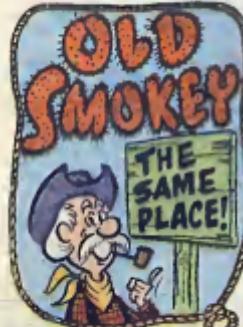
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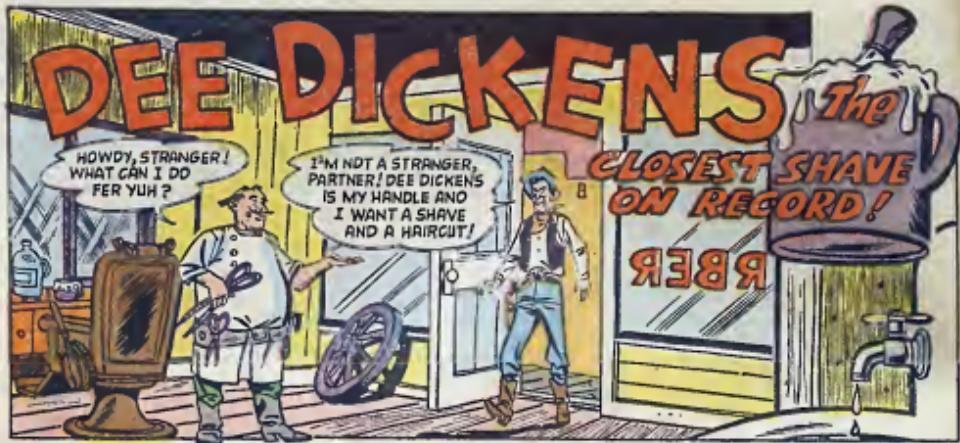
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ROCKY LANE WESTERN



REPUBLIC PICTURES' STAR

Rocky Lane

in THE ALIBI



WELL, MY NAME'S HECKLEY AND I NEED HELP! AS I WAS LEAVING THE SALOON JUST A SHORT WHILE AGO, I OVERHEARD TWO HOMBRES IN THE ALLEY PLANNING TO KILL ME!

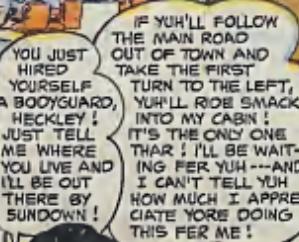
WHY DID YOU COME TO ME? WHY DIDN'T YOU GO TO THE SHERIFF?



WHAT IS IT YOU WANT ME TO DO? DURING THE DAY I CAN LOOK OUT FER MYSELF, BUT IT'S THE NIGHTS THAT HAVE ME WORRIED! I'D LIKE YUH TO WATCH OVER ME WHILE I TRY TO GRAB SOME SHUT-EYE!



YOU JUST HIRED YOURSELF A BODYGUARD, HECKLEY! JUST TELL ME WHERE YOU LIVE AND I'LL BE OUT THERE BY SUNDOWN!



THE TROUBLE IS, LANE, I DIDN'T SEE WHO THE HOMBRES WERE SO IT WOULDN'T DO ANY GOOD GOING TO THE SHERIFF! I CAN'T EXPECT HIM TO DROP ALL HIS OTHER WORK JUST TO ACT AS MY PERSONAL BODYGUARD! I CAME TO YUH BECAUSE IF ANYBODY COULD HELP ME,

YOU COULD!



AT NIGHT...

HEARING YORE OWN MURDER BEING PLANNED IS NO PLEASANT THING! I'VE BEEN AS JUMPY AS A CAT EVER SINCE SO I WENT TO THE LOCAL DOCTOR, AND HE GAVE ME SLEEPING TABLETS! NOW THAT YORE HYAR, I'M GOING TO TAKE IT! BUT REMEMBER, THE DOCTOR LEFT STRICT ORDERS I'M NOT TO BE AWAKENED FER ANY REASON UNTIL THE PILL WEARS OFF AND I WAKE UP BY MYSELF!



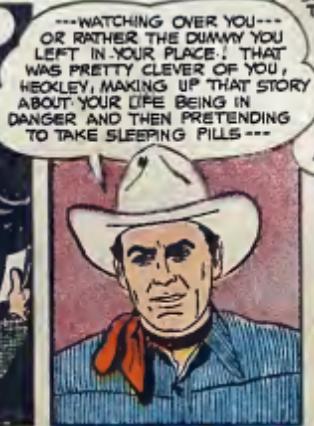
ROCKY LANE WESTERN





ROCKY LANE WESTERN





ROPING 'N RIDING

With



AND BLACK JACK

HOWDY, PARTNERS:

I SAW SOMETHING THE OTHER DAY THAT MADE ME GOOD AND ANGRY---SOME BOYS WERE PICKING ON ONE OF THEIR FRIENDS BECAUSE HE WAS THE SHORTEST AND SKINNIEST FELLOW IN THE GROUP. I KNOW ALL YOU PARDS OF MINE WOULDN'T DO THAT.

NOT ALL OF US GROW UP TO BE HUSKY SIX-FOOTERS! BUT EVERYONE HAS SOME ABILITY IN WHICH HE'S A LITTLE BETTER THAN THE OTHERS---AND THAT ABILITY SHOULD BE DEVELOPED. ALBERT EINSTEIN NEVER THROWN A FOOTBALL FIFTY YARDS, BUT HE DEVELOPED HIS MATHEMATICAL ABILITY SO KEENLY THAT HIS FORMULA THROWN JAPAN OUT OF THE LAST WAR---IT HELPED CREATE THE A-BOMB. NAPOLEON WASN'T MUCH OVER FIVE FEET, BUT IT DIDN'T PREVENT HIM FROM BEING ONE OF THE GREATEST GENERALS OF ALL TIMES. MAHATMA GANDHI WEIGHED LESS THAN A HUNDRED POUNDS, BUT HIS INFLUENCE WAS SO GREAT THAT HUNDREDS OF MILLIONS OF HIS COUNTRYMEN RALLIED BEHIND HIS DRIVE FOR INDIA'S INDEPENDENCE.

NEVER PICK ON THE SHORT FELLOW, PARDS, BECAUSE YOU'RE TALLER OR PUSH THE THIN BOY AROUND BECAUSE YOU ARE HUSKIER. DEVELOP YOURSELF TO THE FULLEST OF YOUR PHYSICAL AND MENTAL CAPACITIES, BUT IF YOU'RE BIGGER THAN THE OTHER FELLOW, BE MAN ENOUGH TO WELCOME HIM INTO THE GROUP AS AN EQUAL. YOU MAY BE SHORT OR TALL---BUT YOU ALL POSSESS SOME SPECIAL ABILITY AND ARE JUDGED ON THAT.

WELL, THAT'S ALL FOR NOW, TILL WE MEET HERE AGAIN NEXT MONTH, GOOD RIDING.

YOUR PALS,

AND BLACK JACK U



$$E=MC^2$$



REPUBLIC PICTURES' STAR
Rocky Lane in **MURDER**
and **MARRIAGE**

BOW! BAM!
SOCK!



SOCK THE
POLECAT!

LET ME AT HIM!
I'LL PISTOL WHIP
HIM!

HUH! THAT
RUCKUS SOUNDS
AS IF SOMEONE IS
GETTING MURDERED
NEXT DOOR!

LATE ONE NIGHT, ROCKY LANE,
SECRET MARSHAL IS AWAKENED
FROM A DEEP SLEEP BY
VIOLENT NOISES.

THE NOISE IS COMING FROM
HERE! RECKON I'LL LOOK IN
AND SEE WHAT'S
GOING ON!

I DON'T KNOW WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT, BUT IT
SURE SEEMS THAT YOUNG FELLOW
ISN'T GETTING AN EVEN BREAK!
THIS IS YORE
LAST WARNING!
YOU LEAVE TOWN BY
SUNRISE OR WELL
COME BACK AND
KILL YOU!

SOCK
BAM!

ROCKY LANE WESTERN



WE'RE GOING NOW! BUT IF YOU KNOW WHAT'S GOOD FOR YOU, WESLEY MOSS, YOU'LL GET OUT OF TOWN AND STAY OUT!

I'M MUCH OBLIGED TO YOU, PARDNER! I RECKON IF YOU HADN'T SHOWN UP, I'D BE BUZZARD BAIT BY NOW!

THOSE VISITORS OF YOURS LOOKED RIGHT UN-FRIENDLY! YOU'D BETTER TELL ME WHO THEY WERE AND WHAT THEY WANTED!

THOSE VARMINTS WERE RIDERS FROM THE DOUBLE BAR Z! THAT'S CLEM TINGMAN'S PLACE AND I RECKON THEY WERE ACTING ON ORDERS FROM THEIR BOSS!



"BUT I WAS A STRANGER IN TOWN AND COULDN'T GET ANYONE TO INTRODUCE US SO I DECIDED THE BEST THING TO DO WAS TO GET ON MY WAY. I WAS IN THE HILLS OUTSIDE OF TOWN WHEN SUDDENLY..."

"WHOA! I THAT SOUNDS AS IF SOMEONE'S IN TROUBLE!"

"THAT'S THE GIRL I SAW IN TOWN ---AND HER HOSS IS RUNNING WILD!"

"HELP!"

"COME ON, BOY! MOVE! WE'VE GOT TO SAVE THAT GIRL!"



I FELL IN LOVE WITH AMY NUGENT AND STAYED IN TOWN SO I COULD BE NEAR HER. I THINK AMY LOVES ME, TOO, BUT IT SEEMS THAT SOME TIME AGO HER FATHER HAD ALREADY ARRANGED THAT SHE WOULD MARRY CLEM!

EVERYONE EXPECTS THESE TWO NEIGHBORS TO MARRY AND MERGE THEIR PLACES INTO ONE LARGE CATTLE KINGDOM! SO WHEN IT SEEMED THAT AMY MIGHT CALL OFF THE MARRIAGE BECAUSE OF ME, CLEM SENT HIS BOYS TO CHASE ME OUT OF TOWN!

I KNOW THE NUGENT FAMILY RIGHT WELL AND I RECKON IT MIGHT BE A GOOD IDEA FOR ME TO RIDE OUT THERE TO FIND OUT WHETHER AMY IS GOING TO MARRY CLEM ANYWAY!

"I'D SURE APPRECIATE IT, ROCKY!"



ROCKY LANE WESTERN



ONCE WE'RE MARRIED I'LL BE ABLE TO DROP THIS POSE OF BEING A MILK-MANNED GUY AND I'LL SHOW MIKE NUGENT WHO IS GOING TO BE BOSS ! I'LL CONTROL BOTH SPREADS !



YOU GET THE BOYS TOGETHER AND WE'LL RIDE INTO TOWN TONIGHT; THIS TIME I'M GOING, TOO, AND I'LL MAKE SURE WES IS OUT OF THE WAY--- IF I HAVE TO KILL HIM MYSELF !



WHAT NIGHT...

ROOM, MIKE, BECAUSE I DIDN'T WANT AMY TO HEAR US ! MIKE, DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING THE RIGHT THING BY INTERFERING IN YOUR DAUGHTER'S ROMANCE ?

ROMANCE, HUH ?



©

ROMANCE IS A SILLY IDEA ! MARRIAGE IS A SERIOUS THING AND SHOULD BE LOOKED AT PRACTICALLY : BY ALL REASONING, CLEM IS THE BEST ONE TO BE AMY'S HUSBAND !



YOU WOULDN'T TAKE A WARNING, NOW WE'LL MAKE SURE YOU GO ! IT SOUNDS AS IF THOSE POLECATS ARE WORKING OVER WES AGAIN !

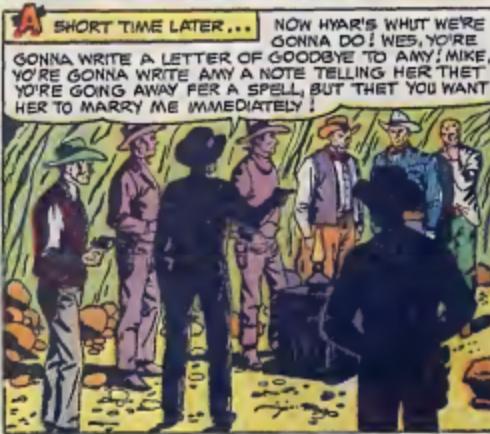


YOU'RE TRYING TO BEAT ME OUT OF THE OLD GOAT'S RANCH, BUT YOU'LL NEVER GET AWAY WITH IT ! I'M AFTER THAT RANCH AND I AIM TO GET IT EVEN IF I HAVE TO MARRY THET DAUGHTER OF HS TO DO SO !



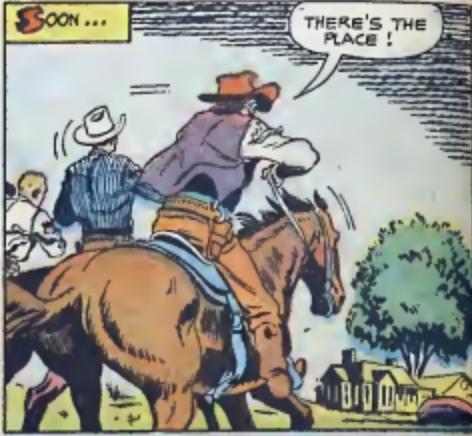
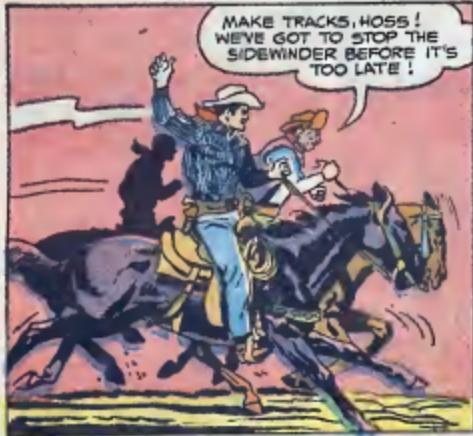
THET NO-GOOD, LOW-DOWN, ORNERY SIDEWINDER ! WHERE IS HE ? I'M GOING TO TALK TO HIM ! COME ON ! THEY'RE RIGHT NEXT DOOR !















Trail Detective

(Continued from inside front cover)

the detective.

"You want to ride out to the scene of the latest crime and look for clues?"

"Nope!"

"Well, thunder, what are you going to do?"

"I'm going to catch the crooks," said Red.

In the warden's office at Territory Prison, Red Maxwell chatted with Blinky Grey, one of the prisoners. "I put you in here, Blinky," said the detective, "and now I aim to take you out if you're sure you can go straight. The governor has agreed to parole you in my custody. Think you can turn honest?"

"I'll say I can!" exclaimed Blinky. "I never realized how much my freedom was worth until I got locked up!"

"And after I get you out, will you do a little job for me?"

"You bet I will. I'll do anything at all for you—as long as it's honest. What's the job?"

Red grinned and his eyes twinkled. "I want you to do the same thing you got sent up for!"

Blinky's jaw dropped and he looked absolutely stunned.

One flickering candle cast a pale light on the faces of the three men grouped around the table in the little back room of the saloon. A fourth man entered furtively and whispered, "There's twenty thousand dollars in greenbacks going to Arrowhead tomorrow! You boys know what to do about it!"

"I think we ought to lay off," grumbled one of the others. "I don't like the idea of tangling with that Red Maxwell."

"You won't have to worry about him," was the response. "He won't even be in town."

"You sure?"

"Yes. The governor called him to the capitol

on some business or other. That's a real break for us!"

The holdup went off on schedule and the three masked bandits made a clean getaway with the chest of greenbacks.

A day later, Red Maxwell was seen loitering in the bank, grinning as if he hadn't a care in the world. Some of the townsfolk began talking about this behind their hands.

"How'd he ever get *his* reputation?"

"I hear the Colonel is paying him a fat fee but the holdups go on just the same!"

"He ought to be out looking for the owlhoots instead of lolling around here!"

Presently Ben Snavely entered the bank. He nodded to Red, then walked up to the teller's window. The teller raised his voice as he said, "Just a minute, Mr. Snavely." That was the signal for Red to move. In four strides he was at Ben Snavely's side and his Colt .45 was nudging the secretary's ribs.

His eyes made silent inquiry of the teller who responded, "Yes, it's counterfeit money, right enough. Pretty good job though. I might not have spotted it if I hadn't been on the look-out."

"Your game's up, Snavely," said Red. "Let's you and me take a little walk down to the jailhouse. You see, I had an old acquaintance of mine make up that batch of counterfeit greenbacks just for the stage run. It just about proves you're the man who's been tipping off the bandits!"

LATER, after all the crooks had been tracked down and brought to justice, Red went to jail to see Snavely. "That was wise of you to make out a full confession and turn your pards in," he said. "I'll see what I can do about getting you a lighter sentence. And don't worry about your old job. I think Blinky Grey will make an excellent secretary to Colonel Sherman!"

THE END

MR. MULLIGAN

Plan No. 374 50¢

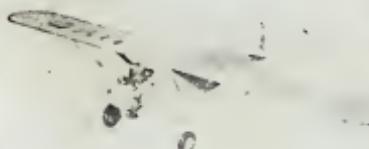
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